

# STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 281

**35p**

## The ENCHANTED HELMET



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**DON'T  
MISS**

**THIS MONTH'S OTHER  
ACTION-PACKED  
ADVENTURE**

# STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 280

**35p**



**CARTER  
and the  
CRAZIES**

**NOW ON SALE**

# THE ENCHANTED HELMET

EARGHHH!

THE THUNDERBOLT STRUCK FROM A CLOUDLESS NIGHT SKY AS THRYM THE CHIEF RODE THE MOORLAND FOREST TO A GATHERING OF HIS JUTISH CLAN. AT HIS STIRRUP RUNNING THE BOY LOT, A HOUSEHOLD SERVANT.



BE EASY, FRIEND.

BOY — LOOK! THE SKY  
HAMMER STRUCK A RIFT  
INTO THE MOUND OF THE  
GREAT KING UTVAAL!

AND ROYAL BURIAL  
MOUNDS ARE RICH IN  
TREASURE. BOY, GO AND  
SEE WHAT IS TO BE SEEN.

NO, MASTER — NO. THERE  
IS A CURSE ON THOSE WHO  
VIOLATE THE REST OF THE  
NOBLE DEAD.

THRYM LOST PATIENCE—

MY SWORD SHALL VIOLATE  
YOUR RIBS UNLESS YOU  
OBEY ME.



THE BOY LOT FELL  
THROUGH THE RIFT.







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LOT WAS DRAWN BY AN  
IMPULSE HE COULD NOT  
CONTROL. HIS HAND REACHED  
OUT—

THE HELMET, HAND-  
CRAFTED BY THE NIGHT  
ELVES AT THEIR  
FORGES DEEP IN THE  
UNDERWORLD. SUCH  
FINE WORK ... TIS AN  
HONOUR TO TOUCH  
SUCH AN OBJECT.

AN EERIE, ELDRITCH  
LIGHT BATHED HIS  
FACE.

SO LIGHT IN THE HAND —  
AND WARM. THIS IS NO  
ORDINARY COLD METAL,  
BUT THE FINEST OF ELVISH  
GOLD.

AND THEN  
THE VOICE SPOKE.

FOOL! POOR FOOL!

THE GROUND SHAKES.









LOT SEEMED TO HEAR THE VOICE AGAIN.



AS THE TWO FLED, MOCKING  
LAUGHTER RANG IN THEIR EARS.



A NIGHT FOR STRANGE  
IMAGININGS, BOY. THAT IS ALL  
IT IS — IMAGININGS. YET  
BETTER YOU DO NOT SPEAK OF  
THIS WHEN WE REACH THE  
GATHERING.

THEY WENT ON TO JOIN THOSE ASSEMBLED FOR THE RAID PLANNED BY THRYM.

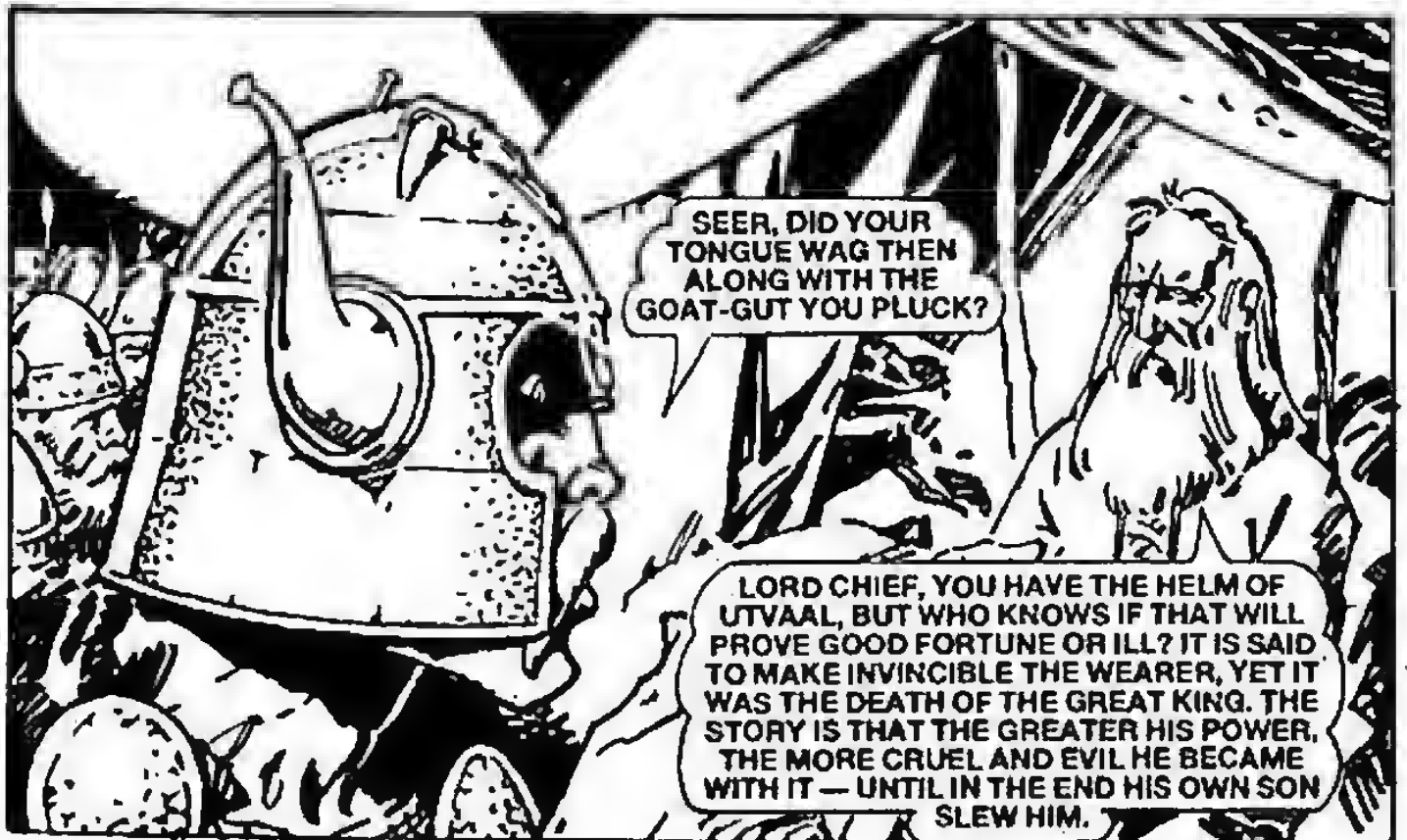
ALL IS READY FOR THE TIDE, MY UNCLE — TWO STOUT SHIPS AND GOOD MEN TO CREW THEM. THE SEER HAS LOOKED AT THE INNARDS OF A COCKEREL AND SAYS THE OMENS BODE WELL.



GYOLL, SON OF MY BROTHER, I HAVE SOMETHING EVEN BETTER TO TELL THEM.

MY LADS, AS I RODE HERE A THUNDERBOLT STRUCK THE KING'S MOUND AND OPENED A RIFT FROM WHICH EMERGED A FIGURE OF GRISLY MAJESTY — UTVAAL, THE OLD KING HIMSELF. HE GAVE TO ME THIS HELMET WHICH I NOW WEAR. "CHIEF THRYM, YOU SHALL BECOME KING IN A FOREIGN LAND," HE SAID AND THEN HE WITHDREW AND THE RIFT CLOSED BEHIND HIM.







THE SON WAITED ON A TIME WHEN  
UTVAAL SET ASIDE THE HELMET,  
AND THEN HE STRUCK.



THE HELMET GIVES  
PROTECTION AND POWER TO  
ITS WEARER, BUT YOU HAD  
BETTER GUARD YOUR BACK,  
CHIEF THRYM.



STICK TO YOUR SONGS, CHANTER.  
NOW CHANGE YOUR TUNE TO  
SOMETHING LIVELY FOR THE  
FEASTING THAT COMES.

AS THE RAIDERS WAITED FOR  
THE TIDE, THEY ATE—



BOY, YOU HAVE SERVED MY  
HOUSE WELL. NOW I  
PROPOSE TO RAISE YOUR  
STATION IN LIFE TO THAT  
OF BEARER OF MY SHIELD  
AND SPEAR.

MASTER, I SWEAR TO  
SERVE YOU WELL.



IN THE DARK HOUR  
BEFORE DAWN THE  
SHIPS FLOATED FREE.



DAY DAWNED—

THE SUN IS BEHIND US  
— WE HEAD WEST.

WEST IS OUR WAY, LAD.  
MY AIM IS TO REACH  
FAR FROM WHERE OUR  
PEOPLE HAVE ALREADY  
RAIDED AND PLANTED  
SETTLEMENTS.



THEY CAME IN SIGHT OF LAND  
AND HELD IT TO THEIR RIGHT-  
HAND AS DAY FOLLOWED DAY.

NOW WE HEAD  
STRAIGHT FOR THE SUN  
— THIS MUST BE THE  
GREAT HEADLAND  
TOLD OF IN THE STORY I  
HAD FROM THE  
NORTHLAND SHIPMAN.

YOU HAD BETTER BE RIGHT,  
CHANTER — UNLESS YOU  
WISH TO PLAY THAT HARP  
TO THE FISHES.



THE LONGBOATS WERE  
LASHED WITH RAIN.

TAKE IN THE SAIL! SET  
OUT POTS. WE'LL  
CATCH ENOUGH WATER  
AND WE'LL NOT HAVE  
TO RISK LANDING FOR  
IT!



CAME A DAY WHEN THEY TURNED  
TOWARDS LAND, BUT THEIR APPROACH  
WAS SHROUDED IN A DANK MIST.

HALLOOOOOOOO!

NOW WE LISTEN! THE  
ECHOES CAST BY LAND  
ARE DIFFERENT FROM  
THOSE OFF THE EMPTY  
SEA.

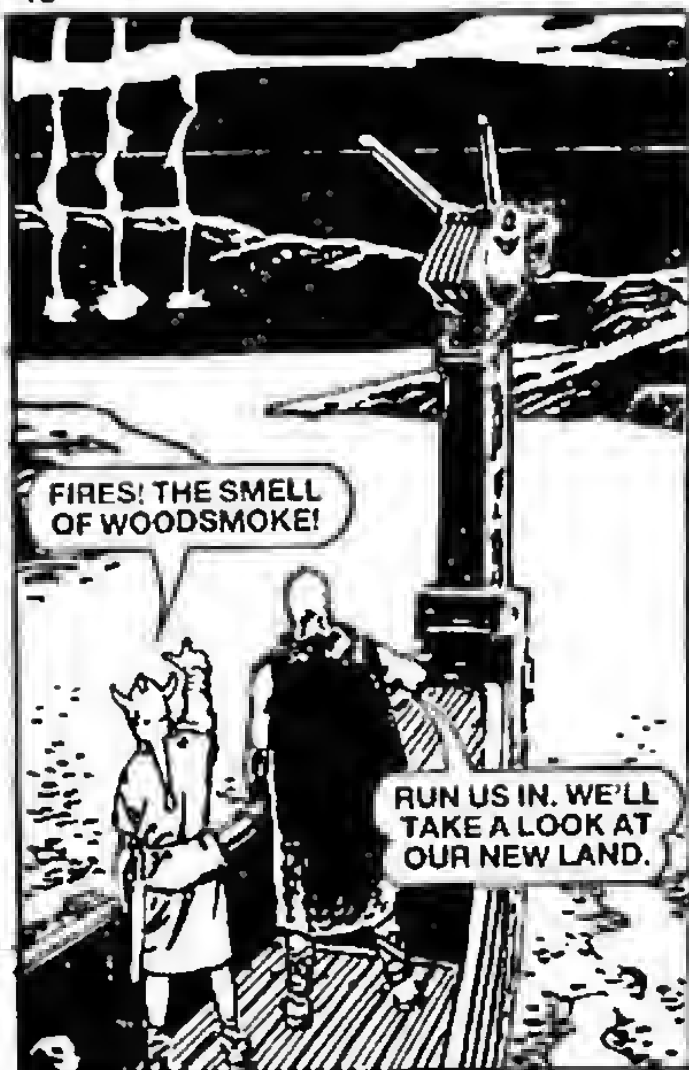
I HEAR  
BREAKERS!

YES, NOW I  
SEE THEM!

KEEP A KEEN WATCH.  
WE'LL PULL IN CLOSER.

THE MIST LIFTED AS NIGHT SETTLED.

THE MOUTH OF A RIVER.  
PULL HARD, MY LADS.





THE RAIDERS SWARMED IN,  
SILENTLY DEALING IN DEATH.

UPON THEM!



KILL!





MY MASTER FIGHTS  
WITH TERRIBLE FURY!

THE SLAUGHTER WAS  
SOON ENDED.

PRISONERS, MY UNCLE,  
MOSTLY OLD FOLK, A  
FEW WOMEN AND  
CHILDREN.

PUT THEM TO THE  
SWORD, WE HAVE NO  
NEED OF THEM.



LOT ACTED WITHOUT THOUGHT,  
DRIVEN BY AN IMPULSE HE  
COULD NOT CONTROL.

GO! SAVE  
YOURSELVES.



INSOLENT CUR!









A BRIGHTNESS GREW UNTIL  
IT FILLED THE NIGHT.

FIRE! I COMMAND  
THEE TO HALT!



BUT HALT IT DIDN'T!



GYOLL'S CRIES OF AGONY  
MERGED WITH A SOUND  
LOT HAD HEARD BEFORE.

HA-HA-HA-  
HA-HA-HA!

AGAIN I SEEM TO BE  
HEARING THE  
STRANGE  
LAUGHTER THAT  
SOUNDED AT THE  
BURIAL MOUND.

MORE FIREBALLS!

TO THE SHIPS!  
GET TO THE SHIPS!

HURRY! GO!

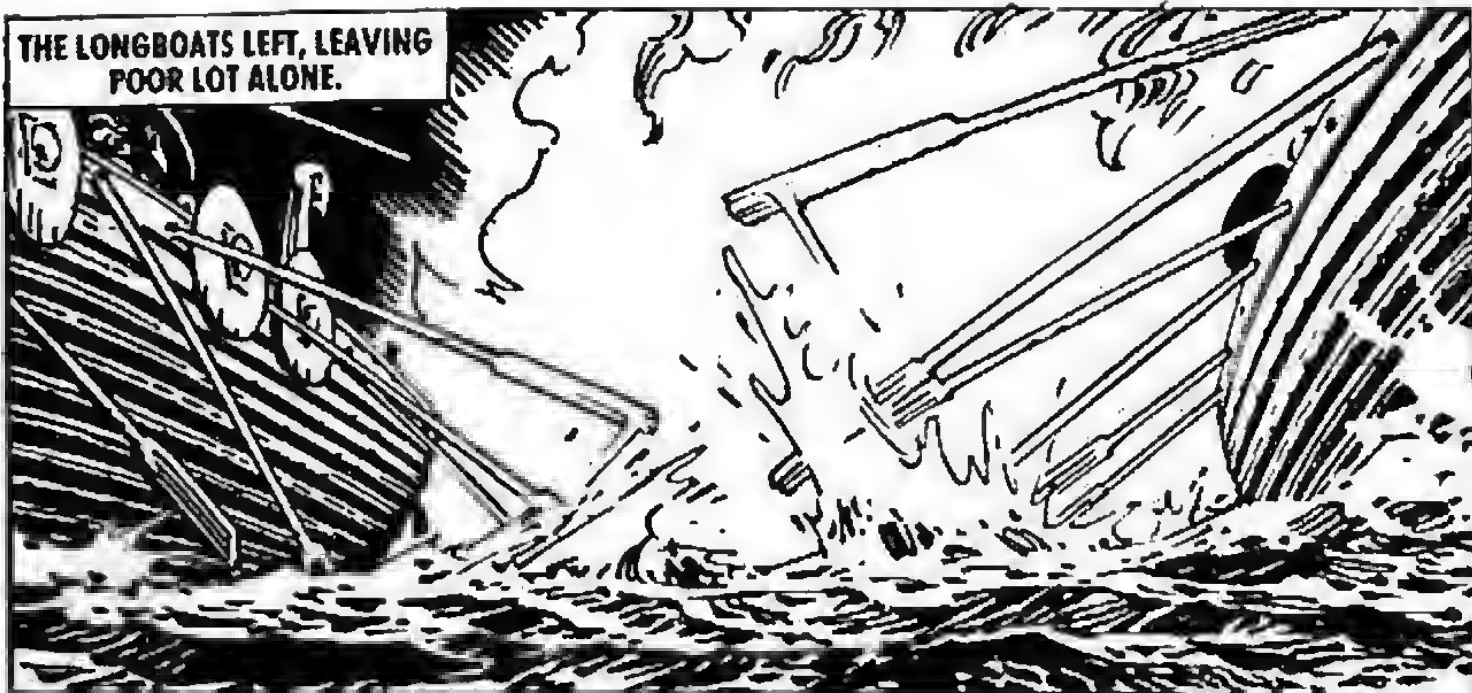
PUSH!

AS THE MEN PUSHED THE BEACH BOATS,  
FIRESPEARS WHISTLED THROUGH THE AIR.



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THE LONGBOATS LEFT, LEAVING  
POOR LOT ALONE.



THE MEN WERE JOINED BY  
ANOTHER WHO RODE A  
SMALL CART DRAWN BY A  
HORSE.

LOT WAS FOUND—

I HAVE  
FOUND ONE!

VICTORY, MY FATHER.  
SOME WE SLEW — THE  
REST FLED FROM US.

SO SOME ESCAPE TO TELL OF  
OUR DEEDS ... AND RETURN  
WITH MORE MEN.

THEY DO NOT SPEAK AS  
THRYM'S PEOPLE — YET I  
UNDERSTAND THEM. THE  
TONGUE IS THAT WHICH MY  
FATHER TALKED WITH ME  
BEFORE HE WAS KILLED.





NOBLE CHIEF RAGIN, THE BOY  
WOULD HAVE BEEN SLAIN  
FOR SAVING LIVES AMONG  
YOUR PEOPLE. YOU OWE HIM  
MERCY.

THE CHANTER! HE SPEAKS  
THE SAME TONGUE!

OLD ONE, I SHALL DEAL  
KINDLY WITH HIM — BUT  
WHAT DO I OWE TO YOU?

ONLY THE CHANCE TO  
PROVE MY WORTH, GREAT  
ONE. I MAKE MUSIC, TELL  
WONDERFUL STORIES AND I  
KNOW THE HEALING HERBS  
AND CAN PAINLESSLY PULL  
A TOOTH.



LOT AND THE CHANTER  
WERE ALLOWED LIFE.

HOW IS IT THESE PEOPLE  
SPEAK THE TONGUE OF MY  
FATHER?

YOU ARE OF THE SAME  
STOCK, LAD. HERE AND  
ACROSS THE SEA WAS ALL  
PART OF THE SAME GREAT  
EMPIRE BEFORE THE COMING  
OF THE JUTES AND THEIR  
BREED.

LOOK! HORSES  
THAT RUN WILD.

STOCK THAT HAS BRED  
FROM RUNAWAYS OF THE  
OLD DAYS. THESE FOLK  
MAY BREAK A HORSE TO  
DRAW A CHARIOT, BUT  
SEEMINGLY THEY HAVE  
FORGOTTEN THE PROPER  
USE OF SUCH ANIMALS.

THEY PASSED THROUGH A VILLAGE  
AND CAME IN SIGHT OF A GREAT  
BUILDING.

FROM THE OLD EMPIRE,  
LAD, THOSE WHO  
OCCUPY IT NOW COULD  
NEVER FASHION SUCH  
ERECTIONS OF STONE.



YOU, CHANTER, WILL SHOW  
YOUR HARP SKILL IN MY  
GREAT HALL. SOME FITTING  
HOUSEHOLD USE WILL BE  
FOUND FOR THE BOY.



LOT BECAME A KITCHEN HELPER.

SO I FETCH, CARRY AND  
SCOUR POTS WHILE THE  
CHANTER ENTERTAINS BY  
PLUCKING ON SINEW FROM A  
PIG.



IDLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

LATER A BEATING FOR  
BREAKING THAT  
PITCHER. FOR NOW  
YOU WILL FETCH MORE  
WATER — AND HURRY,  
DOG.

SO I AM A DOG TO BE  
ORDERED AND BEATEN.



THE URGE THAT COULD NOT  
BE CONTROLLED CAME  
AGAIN OVER LOT.

HURRY, YOU SAID, KITCHEN  
MASTER — HURRY.

URGH — ARE YOU MAD?

TAKE ALL THE  
WATER YOU NEED.

CHIEF RAGIN WAS ANGERED  
AT SUCH ABUSE OF HIS  
KINDNESS.



AS MANY STROKES AS A MAN  
HAS FINGERS AND TOES — AND  
THEN LOT WAS PUT TO  
PLOUGHING.

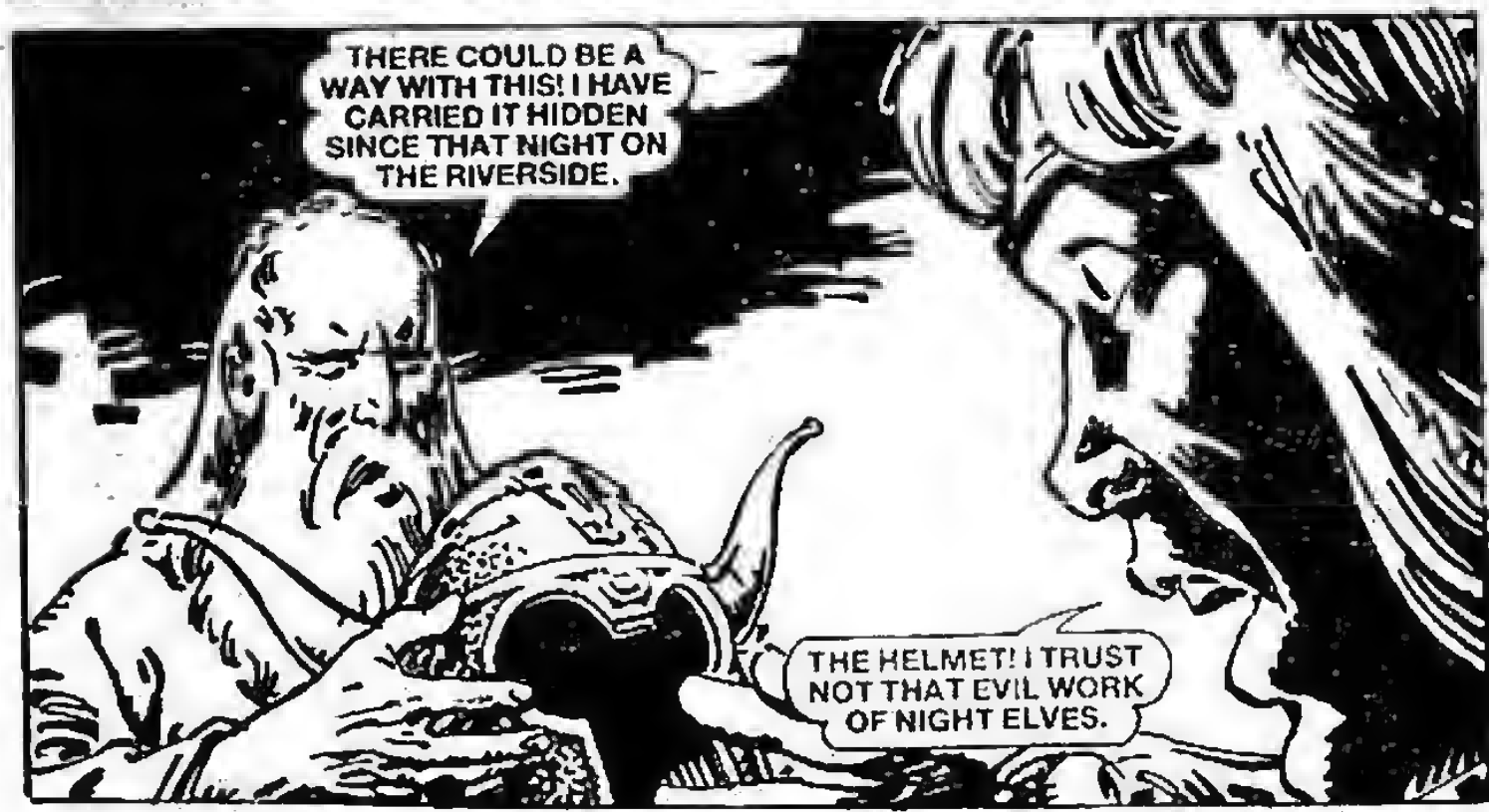
NOT EVEN AMONG THE  
JUTES DID I HAVE SUCH  
KINDLY TREATMENT.



AT NIGHT HE SLEPT IN THE  
OPEN, SECURED BY AN IRON  
CHAIN TO THE PLOUGH,  
FEEDING ON SLOPS  
BROUGHT HIM BY THE  
CHANTER.

A LITTLE LONGER AND  
DEATH WILL BE A  
HAPPY RELEASE, MY  
POOR LAD.

AYE, BETTER TO  
ESCAPE AND BE SLAIN  
RUNNING — BUT HOW,  
WHEN I AM WRAPPED IN  
IRON?



THERE COULD BE A  
WAY WITH THIS! I HAVE  
CARRIED IT HIDDEN  
SINCE THAT NIGHT ON  
THE RIVERSIDE.

THE HELMET! I TRUST  
NOT THAT EVIL WORK  
OF NIGHT ELVES.



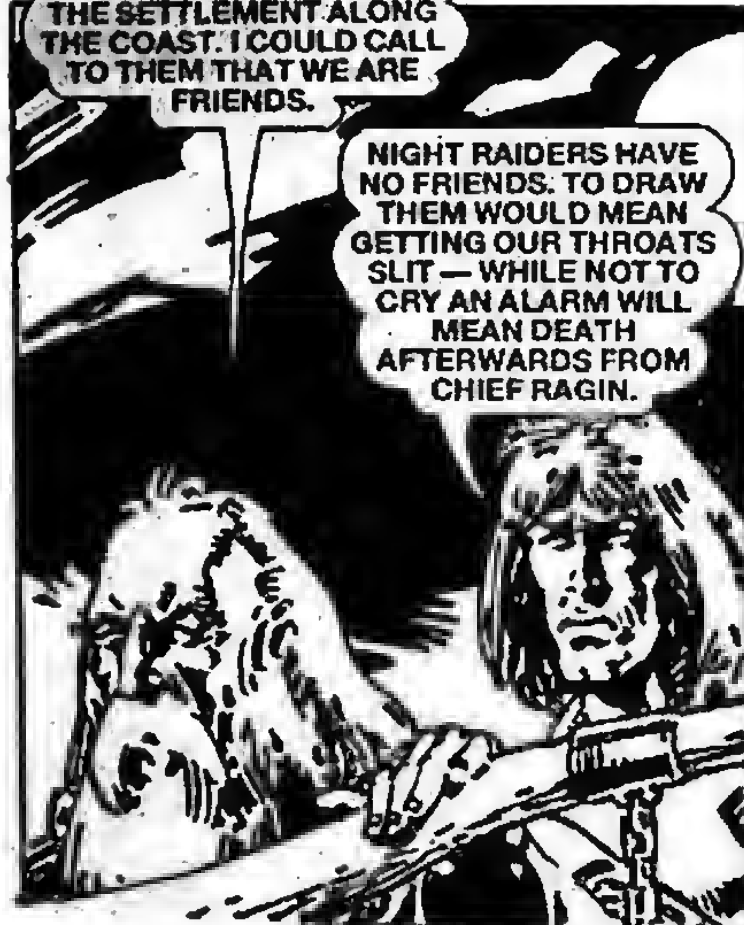




LOOK! JUTISH MEN — A  
RAIDING FORCE.

THEY MUST COME FROM  
THE SETTLEMENT ALONG  
THE COAST. I COULD CALL  
TO THEM THAT WE ARE  
FRIENDS.

NIGHT RAIDERS HAVE  
NO FRIENDS. TO DRAW  
THEM WOULD MEAN  
GETTING OUR THROATS  
SLIT — WHILE NOT TO  
CRY AN ALARM WILL  
MEAN DEATH  
AFTERWARDS FROM  
CHIEF RAGIN.



SO DEATH COMES TO US EITHER  
WAY — UNLESS YOU TRY THE  
ONLY OTHER WAY. IT WILL NOT  
HARM YOU — I HAVE SEEN THE  
FUTURE IN A DREAM.

YOU AND YOUR DREAMS! THE  
THOUGHT OF KNOWING THE  
FUTURE CHILLS ME . . . BUT IF  
WE ARE TO LIVE, THEN I MUST  
DON THE HELMET.



LOT PUT ON THE HELMET.

HOW DO YOU FEEL?

AS I ALWAYS FELT.  
THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE.

SO WHY DO I ALLOW  
MYSELF TO BE HELD BY  
THESE THREADS OF  
IRON?

THE HELMET GLOWS!













THIS IS NO MORTAL MAN  
THIS IS A DEMON FROM THE  
BLACKEST PIT.

RAGIN AND HIS WARRIORS MADE  
READY WITHIN THE HALL.



THE FIRE EATS THROUGH THE  
DOOR. WE SHALL GIVE THE  
JUTES OUR OWN WARM  
WELCOME AS THEY ENTER.



JUST ONE MAN. HE  
SITS ON A HORSE.

## A HARP TWANGED

COME FORTH, O CHIEF. THE  
NIGHT IS SAFE — THE FOE  
SLAIN OR DEAD. LOT IS HERE  
— LOT OF THE SHINING HELM  
AND THE TERRIBLE LANCE.



I WELCOME YOU,  
NOBLE WARRIOR.  
LOOK ON MY  
HOUSE AS YOUR  
OWN.



THAT I ALREADY DO. HAVE  
IT READY FOR ME WHEN I  
RETURN IN DAYLIGHT.

THERE GOES A  
TRULY GREAT  
HERO, MY FATHER.



ONE WHO INTENDS COMING  
BACK, ATAR, MY SON. THE  
TROUBLE WITH HEROES IS THE  
TROUBLE THEY CAN BE WHEN  
NOT PERFORMING HEROIC  
DEEDS.

LOT AND THE CHANTER RESTED  
IN A WOODLAND GLADE  
BEYOND THE FIELDS.

SO COMFORTABLY IT SITS, BUT  
MY HEAD MUST BREATHE — AHH.



THE WORLD CHANGES. SO  
MUCH KILLING DONE BY  
ME. I SHALL NEVER AGAIN  
PUT ON THIS THING OF EVIL.

I FEAR YOU ARE WRONG!  
MY DREAM HAS MANY  
CHAPTERS ... WE ARE NOT  
YET AT THE END OF THE  
FIRST.



A SOFT SOUND AWOKE THE CHANTER  
AS DAWN STREAKED THE SKY.

DANGER!  
AWAKEN, BOY.



LOT AWOKE — JUST IN TIME.

PERISH —  
CURSE YOU.



CHIEF RAGINI

THE JUTISH SLAVE!







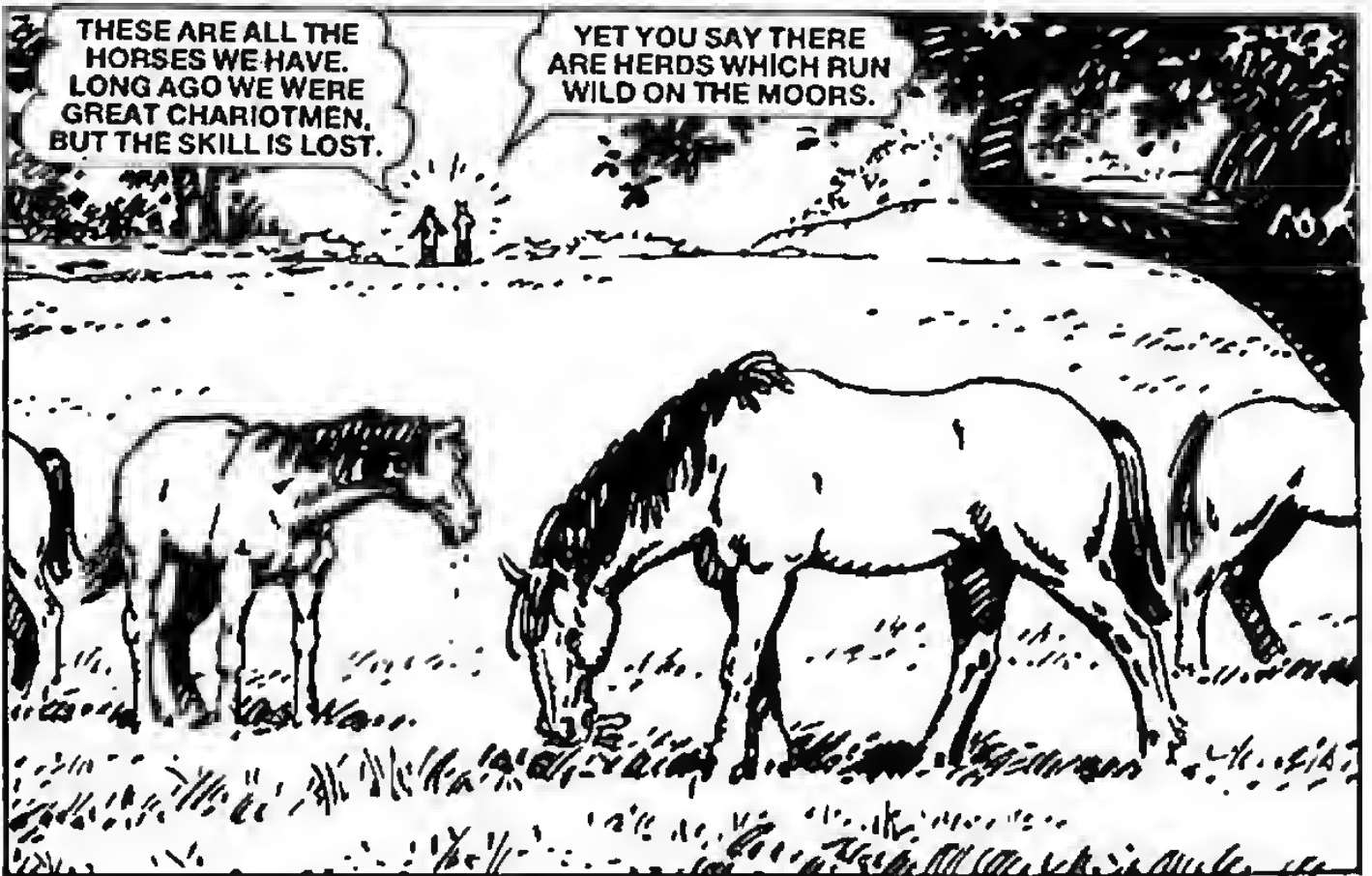


A MOUND WAS RAISED OVER RAGIN.



THESE ARE ALL THE  
HORSES WE HAVE.  
LONG AGO WE WERE  
GREAT CHARIOTMEN,  
BUT THE SKILL IS LOST.

YET YOU SAY THERE  
ARE HERDS WHICH RUN  
WILD ON THE MOORS.



THE NEW CHIEF ARRANGED A HUNT.

LOOK! HE BRINGS  
THEM TO US.



HI-YAAAAA!!!!!!









MEN JOINED IN THE LEARNING.



HOLD ON! SOON  
THE BEAST WILL TIRE.

A MONTH OF CROWDED  
DAYS CAME TO AN END.



YAAAAAAAH!



NOW THE LAST LESSON — A JOURNEY ON WHICH EACH WILL LEARN TO BECOME AS ONE WITH THE ANIMAL HE RIDES.



DID YOU SEE THIS IN YOUR DREAMS?

AYE, LAD! THAT I DID!



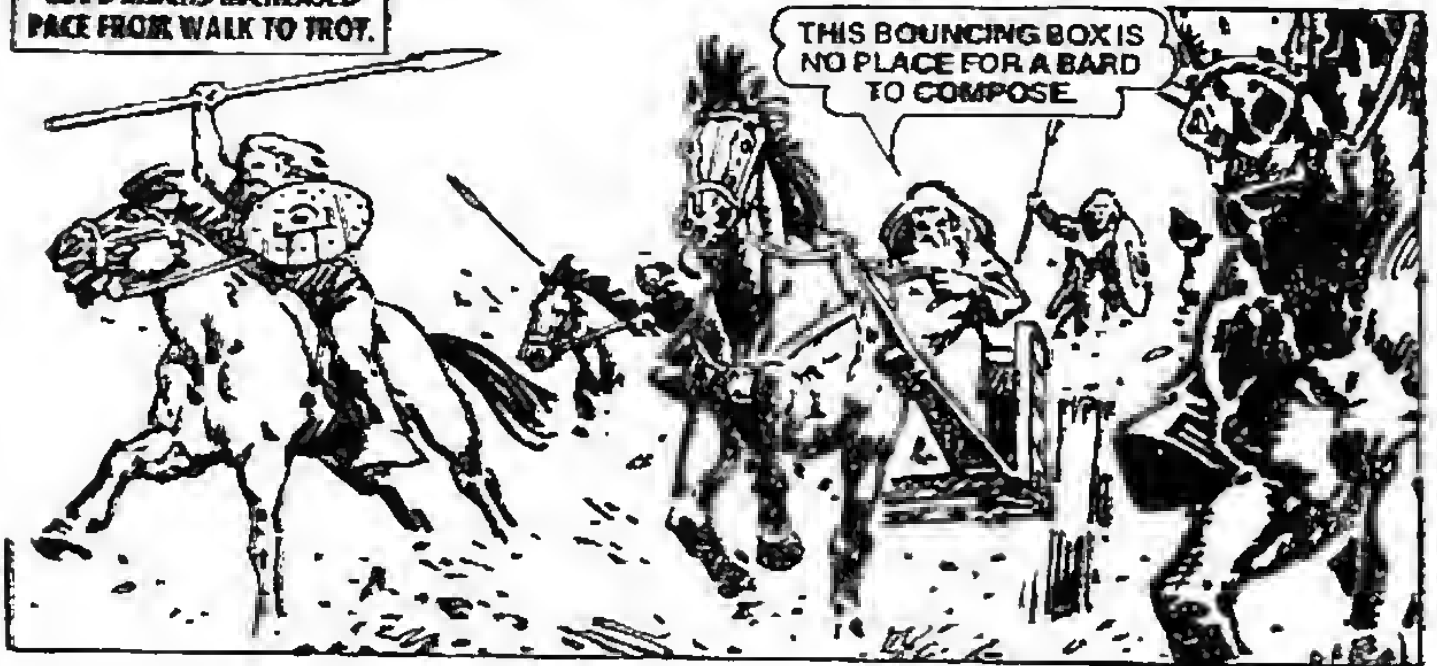
THREE DAYS OUT—

THE SEA, LORD. BETTER WE TURN TO OUR RIGHT HAND TO AVOID THE FIRST OF THE JUTISH VILLAGES.

IT IS TO THE LEFT WE TURN, ATAR — LEFT TO THE TEST OF OUR LEARNING OVER THESE PAST WEEKS.

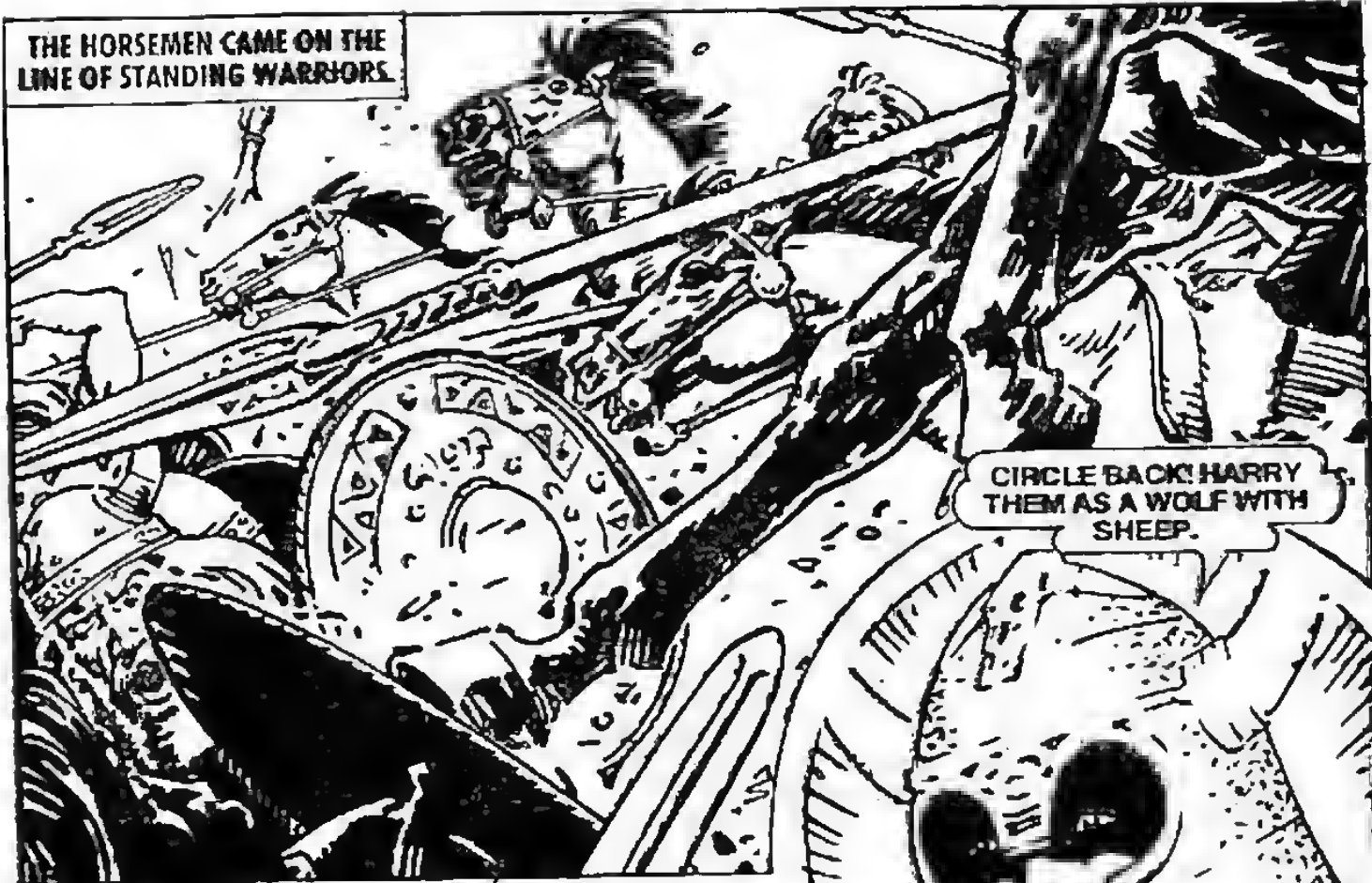


LOT'S RIDERS INCREASED  
PACE FROM WALK TO TROT.





THE HORSEMEN CAME ON THE  
LINE OF STANDING WARRIORS.



CIRCLE BACK! HARRY  
THEM AS A WOLF WITH  
SHEEP.

THE FOOTMEN MILLED IN  
CONFUSION AND TERROR.







OVER THE NEXT FEW WEEKS WAS  
A CONSTANT COMING OF MEN  
FROM OTHER VILLAGES.

LORD, THESE COME  
FROM THE INLAND  
MOUNTAINS TO TAKE  
SERVICE WITH YOU.

READY THEM FOR THE  
BLOOD OATH, ATAR. WE  
SHALL NEED MORE  
HORSES.

WE MUST UNITE —  
BECOME ONE TO  
DEFEAT THE ENEMY.

WITH YOU AS KING! YET  
MUCH AS I KNOW, I MUST NOT  
GUIDE YOU. YOU MUST FIND  
THE WAY FOR YOURSELF.

THAT NIGHT, LOT VISITED A FAR  
PLACE IN HIS DREAMS.

THE BURIAL MOUND OF  
UTVAAL THE GREAT KING.



THE FACE BECAME  
DUST AS HE LOOKED.



LOT WOKE—

A DREAM! ONLY A DREAM. OR WAS IT! METHINKS IT WAS A MESSAGE FROM THE GODS... MY LIFE IS LAID OUT SO I MUST DO THEIR BIDDING.

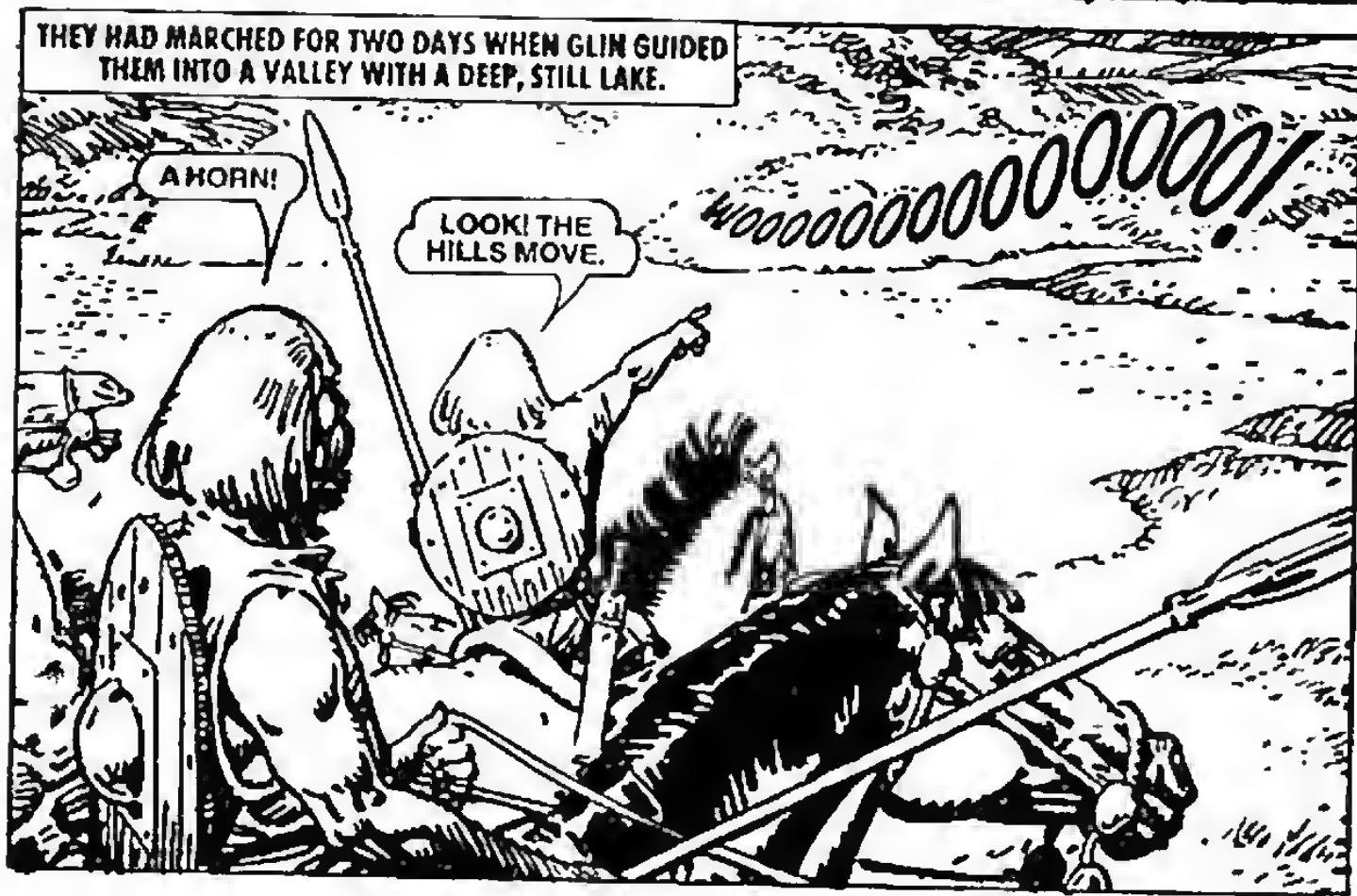




LOT ASSEMBLED HIS HORSEMEN.

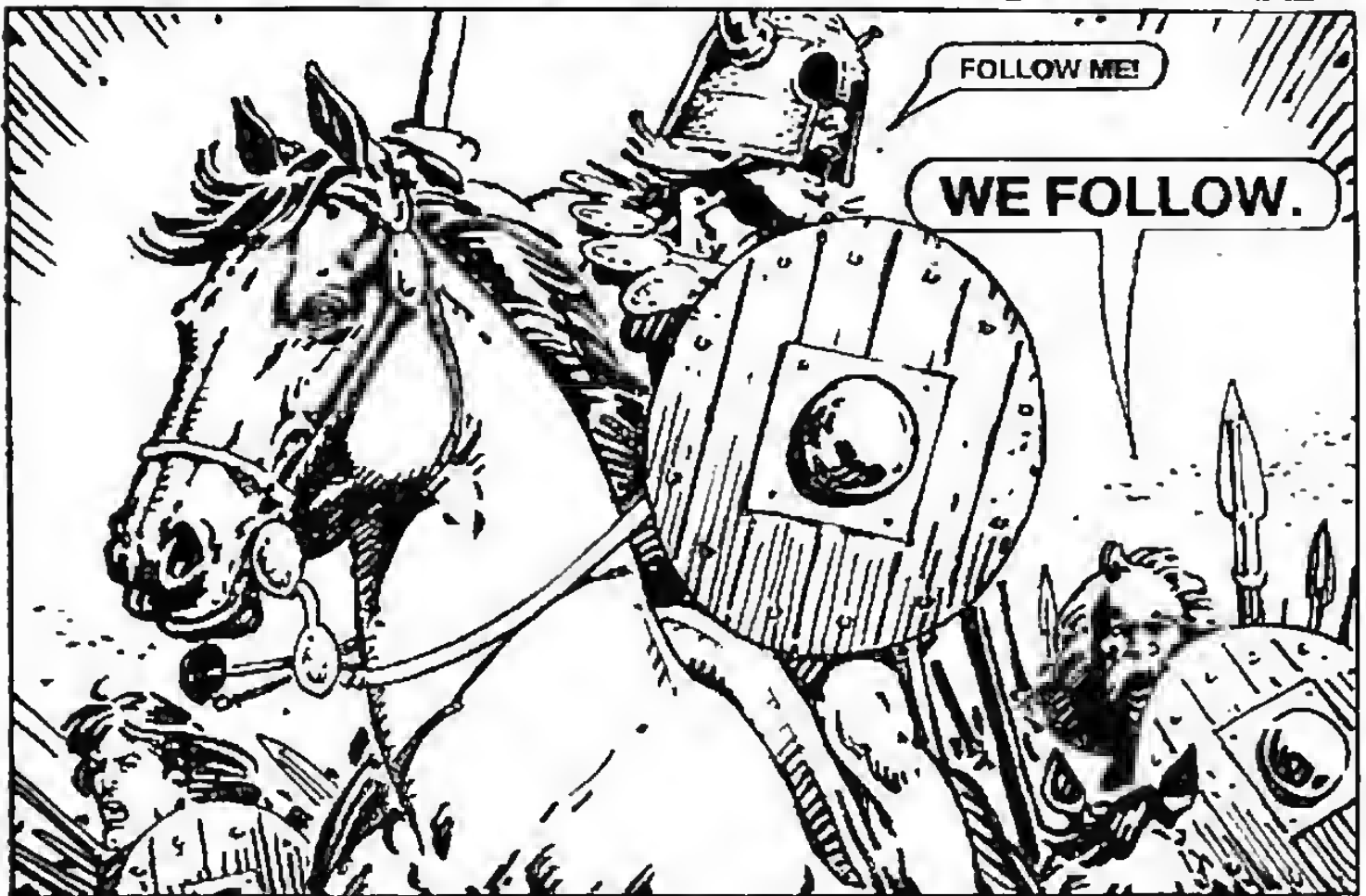
GREAT LOT, I CAN GUIDE YOU BY THE BEST WAYS IF YOU WILL LET ME SIT ONE OF THESE ANIMALS.

ON A HORSE YOU WOULD DELAY US. YOU MAY RIDE THE CART OF THE CHANTER.









THE BATTLE LASTED  
THROUGH THAT DAY AND  
INTO THE NIGHT.



DAWN BROKE ON STILLNESS AND  
QUIET, AND THE STENCH OF THE  
DEAD.

SAFE OR NOT, I MUST STRETCH  
THESE CRAMPED OLD LEGS.  
THAT LONG BLACK NIGHT OF  
COWERING AND QUAKING  
AFTER MY CART OVERTURNED  
HAS TAKEN ITS TOLL OF MY OLD  
BONES.






LOT THREW THE  
ENCHANTED HELMET.



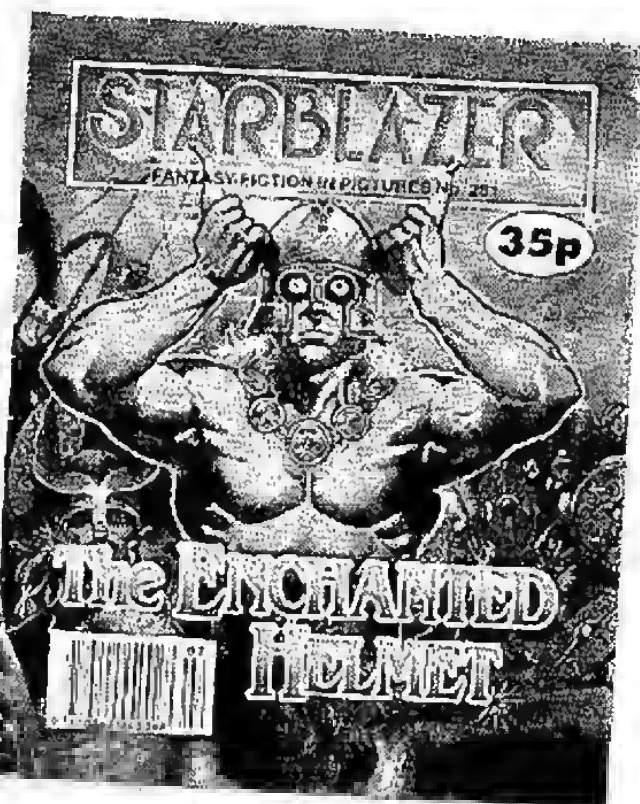




IT WILL BE A TELLING OF BOLD DEEDS —  
OF THIS GREAT BATTLE AND THOSE  
WHO FELL HERE WITH ATAR. IT WILL  
TELL OF LOT OF THE LANCE — NO, THAT  
NAME IS NOT RIGHT, LANCE-LOT — YES,  
THAT HAS A BETTER RING . . .

AND SO ENDS THE CHRONICLE OF  
A YOUNG WARRIOR . . . OR IS IT  
THE BEGINNING OF THE GREATEST  
CHRONICLE EVER TOLD?





Well, folks, that's Starblazer's twelve year, two hundred and eighty one issue run at an end. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking all our loyal readers and the many contributors, both in the script and artwork department who added to the enjoyment of producing this publication.

Particular thanks to Ron Brown, Ian Kennedy, Colin MacNeil, Luis Llorente and his stable of excellent artists, Alan Burrows, Richard Johnson, Mike Chinn, Mike Knowles, Alan Hemus and Dave Taylor . . . it's been nice knowing you.

Cover in this issue by Colin MacNeil, Script by Alan Hemus and artwork by Casanovas junior.

If you're looking for Starblazer back numbers, please write to the following address . . . stating titles or issue numbers of stories required —

Starblazer Back Numbers,  
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# The Enchanted Helmet



Forged by the  
elves of the  
night and  
blessed by the  
Gods of War,  
the great  
helmet of the  
long dead King  
Utvaal was  
coveted by  
many a warrior  
chief.

But the true  
wearer of the  
helmet was the  
slave, Lot. For it  
was enchanted  
and destiny had  
decreed that  
when Lot  
donned the  
helmet he  
would be  
transformed  
into the  
greatest  
warrior in the  
land.

